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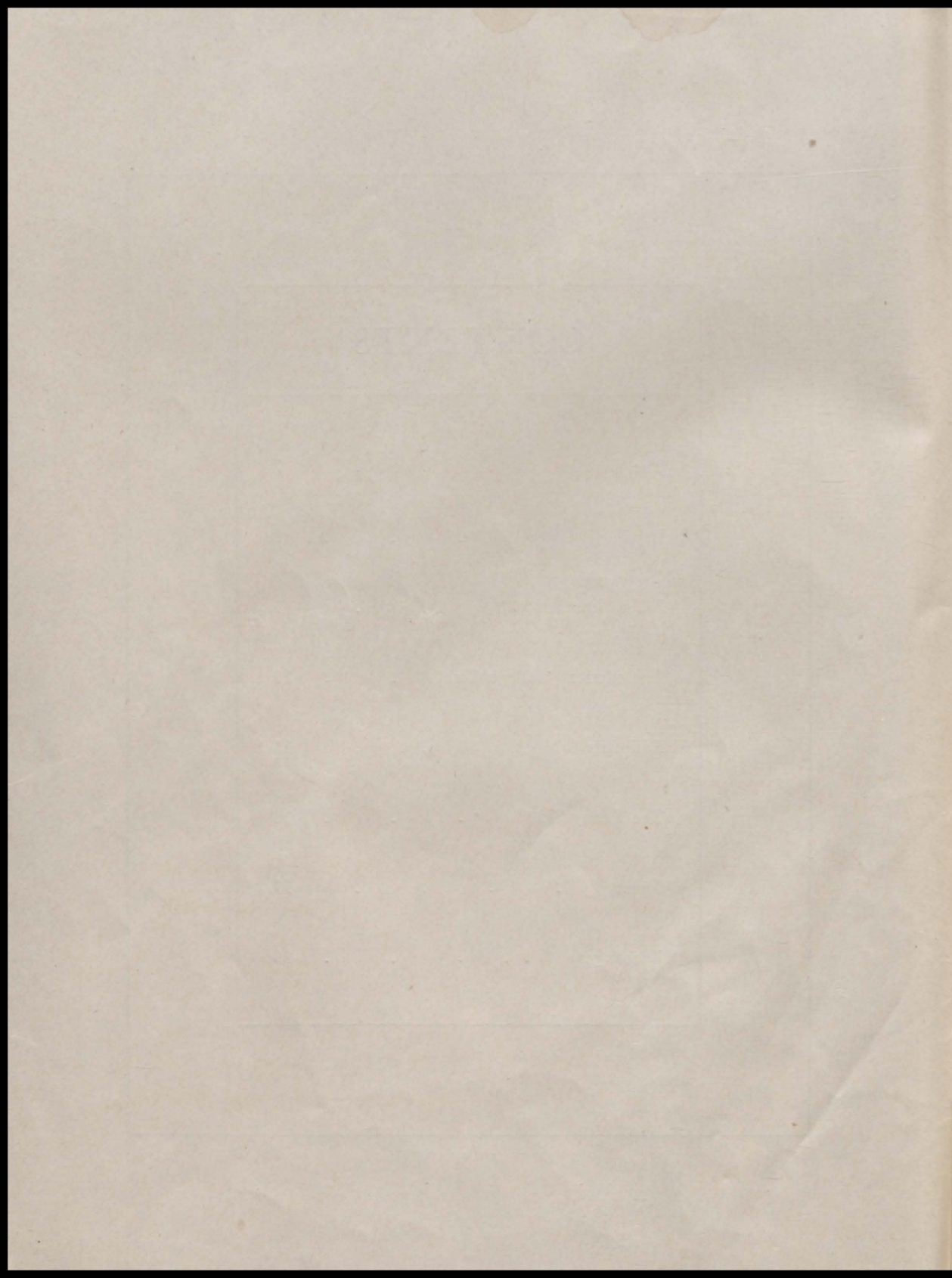
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# The Hyak

Vol. VII Tacoma, Wn., Dec., 1907 No. 2

## THE BURGLAR.

Florence awoke with a start, and sat up in bed. For several minutes she listened breathlessly, but silence reigned supreme over the Seminary, so she lay down again and closed her eyes. "It must have been just a dream," she murmured, sleepily. "I guess I didn't hear any burglars after all. No, there it goes again." This time she was sure she heard someone in the hall, and being unusually brave for a girl, she slid out of bed and going to the door, she listened. There was someone there all right; she could hear hands groping along the wall and stealthy footsteps. Suddenly the invader struck a match, and it must have burned his fingers, for he said something, a single, eloquent, heartfelt word; quite unfit for publication, but nevertheless a much-used word.

The burglar must have been a persevering sort, for he struck another match, and Florence being sure that real burglars never did such things, opened her door ever so little and peeped out. A tall youth with his hat turned up after the manner of high-school boys, stood in the uncertain light, and Florence was trying to decide whether or not to scream and raise the house, when the match went out. Florence shrieked; the young man said something and started to run along the dark corridor, stumbling along in his haste to be gone.

The shriek had the desired effect. Teachers and girls rushed into the corridors; everyone

talked at once, and the confusion was increasing momentarily, when Miss Mills, the principal, appeared. In a few moments she had quieted the girls, and learned from Florence the story of the burglar.

Accompanied by several of the braver teachers, she started downstairs in search of the burglar. Just as they reached the foot of the stairs the front door banged, and they heard rapid footsteps descending the front stairs.

"He is gone," said Miss Mills, and her unconscious sigh of relief was echoed by the teachers.

Order was restored and soon the Seminary was as still as the proverbial mouse.

Outside, three young fellows were congratulating the erstwhile burglar on the success of his final initiation "stunt." From now on he was a member of the best fraternity in the high school.

#### IN THE TWILIGHT.

Last of our day-dream comes to an end as the slowly fading sun touches the treetops on the hill, and out of the darkness, dim shadows rise which reach up, and away, stretching themselves to the skies.

We see dimly the great old mill, which today was covered with golden light, and everywhere there seems stealing upon us a feeling of loneliness and sorrow for all the golden hours of sunlight, and youth, which fade, alas! too soon; and, when once lost, only the memory lingers with us at twilight to bless us alike with joy and sorrow.

But twilight hours must come to us all, and if the golden hours of life were sweet and pure we have still their joy to remember.

Life must have that dim vast twilight which brings us all to thoughts of prayer. Often when life is happy in the golden hours of youth, in twilight comes its awe, thrilling us. We look to the sky whence cometh the light, and we are thankful for the stars which shine for us in the still dark hours of night. They seem to promise that another morning shall soon break forth with a glory that shall be everlasting.

We do not understand the clouds and the shadows, and we often forget that the same kind Power that controls the winter controls also the spring, and twilight too is ruled by that same Power, which causes the first sweet breath of morn.

OLLIE KINNICUTT.



## JOE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The sweetest flower that blows I give you as we part;  
For you it is a rose, for me it is my heart.

Little Joe as he worked sang these words very softly, almost below his breath, and thought it almost the sweetest song he had ever heard. Joe worked hard and fast, his usually pale face flushed, his frail body aching from the weight of the large pieces of wood which he was piling. He did not heed this, however, except when he was twice compelled to stop and rest. For had he not a dear object in view? What was the pain compared to that!

It was Friday. The following Tuesday would be Christmas. Joe's face brightened as he thought of the Christmas gift he was to give. "I know she will like it," he thought. He had been pondering for a long time as to what he should give his beloved teacher. His heart sank that morning when he went to school, for the last day had come and he had thought upon nothing which was good enough for her that could be had for ten cents—the sum a neighbor had promised for piling his wood.

He had remained sad and abstracted all morning thinking of one thing and then another that he wanted to give her, but sadly shaking his head after each one as the vision of his lonely dime arose.

The afternoon came with the problem still unsolved. The tears which had come to his eyes, while thinking of his disappointment, were quickly succeeded by a smile when he remembered now that the difficulty was cleared. This the teacher herself had unconsciously cleared; for, when singing the song she had gladly consented to sing for her pupils—the song he was softly singing to himself—at their Christmas program that afternoon, the thought came to him that a rose at this time of the year would be just the thing.

He finished his work, washed his hands and face, combed his hair and started for the florist's, not daring to trust the precious dime even to his pocket.

He himself picked out the most beautiful rose in the store, and eagerly told the clerk he wished to purchase it. The clerk placed the beauty in his hands, and Joe in turn slipped the coin, still hot from his tight clasp, to the clerk's hand.

The clerk seemed about to say something, but catching sight of the boy's happy face, changed his mind, and with a smile opened the door for him. "That rose," he said to himself, "cost a good deal more than ten cents, but I do not begrudge it; no, not at all.

With his beautiful treasure in his hand, Joe hurried up the long flight of stairs of the Fisher block, and knocked with beating heart at Miss Terry's door.

Almost instantly the door was opened and the sweetest of voices said, "good evening." With a heart too full for speech, he handed her his gift. Joe felt fully repaid by her delighted, "Oh, Joe, my dear, dear boy, how can you think of such sweet and beautiful things to do, and how can I thank you enough!"

"You have, Miss Terry," he replied; "indeed you have. I wanted to give you this," he went on, "because you sang the rose song this afternoon. Please will you sing it for me again—just for me alone, by myself?"

"Surely I will," she said, "right now," and she bent down and kissed him.

Tired but happy, little Joe crept into bed that night. Contentedly he murmured as he fell asleep, "Dear Lord, I think Thee."

FLORA SCHIVELY.

---

### THE MODERN COLLEGE GIRL.

It was tonight that Grace Vienne was expected to arrive home for her birthday vacation. She had been away for several months attending a young ladies' Seminary, and had adopted many little college phrases from her classmates. Her father, who was a groceryman in a little country town, was at the depot with the old horse and the delivery wagon to meet her.

When the cars stopped in the depot a bewitching array of skirts and a wide-brimmed hat stepped daintily from the coach and flung itself into the elderly man's arms.

"Why, you superlative dad!" she exclaimed. "I am more than captivated with your dear presence."

The old gentleman was somewhat surprised at this greeting, but when he recognized the sealskin coat he had paid for with his gray mare he planted a kiss where it would do the most good with a report that



could be heard throughtout the depot. When the trunk and his fine educated daughter were loaded into the wagon, which was soon bumping over the rocky country road toward home.

"Pa dear," she said, after surveying the crude team, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey," said the old man with a puzzled expression—"quite excessively beyond what? Beyond Medville? I consider it about two miles beyond Medville coming this way."

She explained to him that she did not mean that, but that she meant the horse and wagon.

"Do you consider them soulful? Do you think they could be studied in the light of a symphony or a poem, and appear as intensely utter on returning home as one could express?"

The old man grew uneasy at the complicated way his daughter expressed herself. Just then they hit a stump and received a jolt which threw them both from the seat.

"Oh! there is my lovely and consummate ma!" screamed Grace as they reached the little farmhouse, and was presently embraced by her old mother.

"Well," said the old farmer as he nipped a piece of butter off the plate with his own knife at the supper table, "Grace, how de ye like yer schule?"

"Well, pa, now you are shout—I mean it is far beyond—It is unquenchably ineffable. The girls are stunning—intense—and, oh, the parties and receptions! The past has ben a week of sublime harmony.

"I 'spose," said her father, "but how about deportment, reading and spelling?"

"Oh father, it is French art and music that has made my life one of bliss."

Her father and mother looked hopelessly at one another across the table. After a pause, the mother replied, "How are the biscuits, child?"

"Great, mother; too utter for words; 'cause your dear hands made them, and the plum pudding is simply a poem of itself."

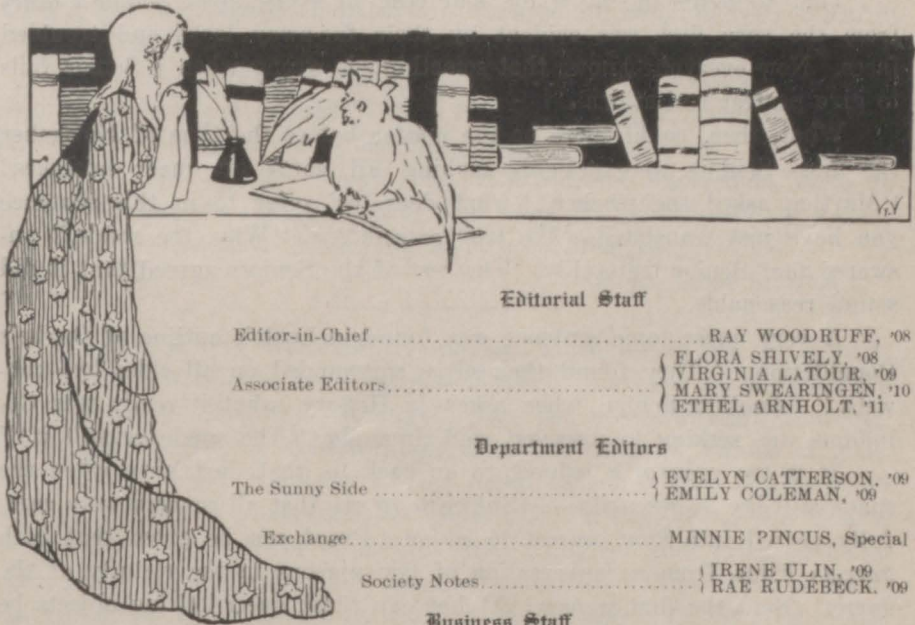
Grace retired early that night, and the old folks sat by the fire until late talking it all over. The next morning at breakfast the old man, unnerved by her affected manner, spoke up harshly and said:

and "Grace, your mother and I have decided not to send you to boarding-school any longer, for we have not lived sixty odd consummate years for the sake of raising a curiosity. Now after you have finished eating that *poem* of fried sausage, and that *symphony* of a twisted doughnut, you take and dust up the room and take off that fancy gown and put on a calico and help your mother wash dishes, and let's have no more rhythmic foolishness."

She obeyed.





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## Editorials

The Seniors can now rest in peace, the spade has been found, and is now safely lying where neither the loving eyes of the Seniors nor the covetous ones of the Juniors can gaze upon its splendor.

That thoughts of the spade had been in every loyal Senior's heart from the very first was evident by their far-away looks and troubled faces. Now everyone knows that something is wrong when a Senior fails to give perfect recitations.

What, then, could there be the matter before the time of November the first—Seniors were actually making all sorts of queer mistakes? "Martha, asked the teacher, "what does 'es' refer to in this sentence you have just translated—'Wo kam es sein'?" "Why, the spade," answered that Senior tranquilly. The rest of the Seniors agreed that it did sound reasonable.

A very queer topic sentence was found in Leale's outline of Burke's Conciliation. "They found themselves surrounded on all sides by—cobwebs." Another Senior, when asked in History, what it really was Columbus was seeking to discover, said dreamily, "The spade, wasn't it?"

It is too painful a subject to go back to, that dark time when the spade still lay in obscurity—. Suffice it to say that all corners were carefully peered into from garret to cellar. Proof can be given that both garret: First, from a conversation of two pigeons in the vicinity of the garret. Said the first pigeon: "What can those queer-looking objects be with such dirty faces and long aprons?" "I can't imagine," replied the second. "They do look dangerous, don't they?" And the two pigeons scurried away in a great fright. Not long after that the cook was heard to exclaim: "I wonder what has become of that box of apples I placed in the cellar this morning—those rats are certainly becoming a nuisance."

The time was approaching that marked just a year from the day the last Senior class found the spade, and the dark brows of the Seniors were becoming darker.

Hallowe'en night, they realized that there were only two days of grace remaining—they must not let the class of '07 bear all (?) the honors. "Girls," said one worthy Senior to the others, "we must reveal the spade at the party this evening" And so they did—much to the mystification of Andrew, the next morning.

The last night of grace came—and no spade. The Seniors by this time were almost desperate. Things were coming to such a state that even their appetites, strange as it may seem, were being affected. The password became, "Oh for an inspiration!—it must be found tonight. There-



upon began the wildest of searches. Never mind, Seniors, your faithfulness had its resolved—it was really and truly found that night.

When the spade was safely placed under Miss Fitch's care every Senior with one accord made a dive for the coal cellar, where they could relieve their overburdened spirits by yelling.

That night, as each Senior crept into bed, she resolved to make up for all her sleepless nights of worry, and when the morning should come—yes, when the morning should—to eat a *good* breakfast.

FLORA, IZRET SCHIVELY.

---

We have a very attractive gymnasium which we do not use enough. Why not use it oftener for a recreation hall? Why not use it especially on Friday and Saturday evenings? Let us have charades, tableaux, farces, pantomimes, or shadow plays, given by different groups of girls. The Annie Wright Seminary has as much talent of this sort as other schools, and yet we seldom see it. Those who are members of the musical department could help us be sociable by coming out and bringing along their popular music—especially their latest songs. Too many of us spend our recreation by gathering in small groups in the different girls rooms. From now on, let each and all of us be more sociable with a greater number of girls.





We girls all wonder why Mercedes Campbell still continues to "Si."

Edna's happy smile at the football game, November 30, came very near costing her an A. W. S. pennant. Be careful next time, Edna.

SOME SONGS HEARD IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE SEM.

Leah Keylor and Vivian Thorne—Duet: "Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep."

Ethel Minkler—"I'd Dye for You."

Rose Noon—"Rock-a-by-Baby."

Dorothy Johnston—"Birdie."

Louise Barker—"Can't You See I'm Lonely?"

Kate Norman—"You're Just a Little 'Brokaw,' but You're Mine, All Mine."

Martha Ford—"I Love but You."

Helen Kempinsky—"I Won't Let You Play in My Back Yard; I Don't Like You Any More."

Naomi Jones—"Cheer Up, Mary."

Margaret Becher—"Could You Be True to Eyes of Blue, After You've Looked Into Eyes of Brown?"

Miss Jones—"Won't You Come Over to My House?"

Rosalind Weisbire—"All I Want is Fifty Million Dollars."

Florence and Rae Rudebeck—Duet: "Meet Me in the Public Square."

Corinne Doud—"When Your Long Golden Locks Have Turned to Short Ones."

Corinne Nolan—"Just becuse She Made Dem Goo-Goo Eyes."

Naomi Lum—"Ain't It Funnny, When You Ask for Money, an' All You Get Is Sympathy?"

Harriette Andrews—"Never Raise a Razor 'Less You Want to Raise a Row."



Marie Ruth—"Dainty, Dainty Dorothy."

Sadies Ramsay—

First Selection:

"Any bones, any rags, any bottles today?"

Second Selection:

"I love coffee, I love tea;  
I love the boys, and the boys love me."

Irene Ulin—"Look, Look, Look in the Book and See."

Eloise Mendenhall—"Come, Have a Skate With Me, Johnnie."

Edith Greenfield—"Do You think You'd Like Me Better, in the Sweet Bye, and Bye."

Miss Williams—"Oft in the Stilly Night, Ere Slumbers Chains have Bound Me."

Lottie Wetzel—"I Won't Get Up in the Morning, I Won't Get Up in the Morning."

Irene Ulin (to Lena L. and Naomi J.)—"Are You Two Over Your Spat Yet?"

Naomi Jones—"I never Was in a Spat. Don't Wear Such Things."

German II.: Miss Criswell—"Translate 'Friedhet es.'"

Ethel Levin—"Freeze it!"

Lena L. (looking the table over at luncheon)—"Where is the bread? Has it gone out?"

Freshman (noticing the sign on the board, "Material for Hyak must be in")—"Why, how can I get any material? Miss Waeshe has gone down town already, and won't take my shopping list."

(Oh! you poor, green Freshie!)

"Why does Katherine Norman like big 'T's' and brokers (Brokaw)?"

Lena Lund (at luncheon time)—"I dreamed last night that I put belladonna in my eyes."

Lottie Wetzel—"What's that, something good to eat?"

Rose, why don't you take a boy to raise while you are about it?  
Stop rocking the cradle.

Say, did Mr. J-r-s get the right "Margaret" the next time?

Miss Smith (in English III.)—"How many feet has "Comus"?  
"Count them."

Ethel M-n-l-r's latest song is "Gladly Would I Dye for Thee."

Edith Parry—"How would you like to have a fur made from  
alligators' skins.

Miss Criswell (a teacher!)"—"I like boys between the ages of seven-  
teen and nineteen."

(She must have rather young aspirations.)

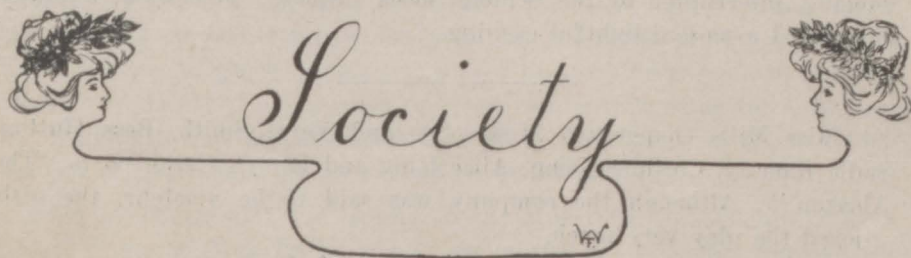
Katherine Norman (handing Miss Jones a pin)"—"Here, please button  
my waist up."

Say, girls, do you know there is the nicest place to sleep in the library?  
Too bad we did not find it before. The two girls who made the discovery  
seemed to be kind of stingy about it. At least they tried awfully hard  
to keep it from the other girls. If it hadn't been for some kind teachers,  
who happened along and discovered them partaking of their newly-found  
pleasure, we should never have known anything about it, I'll wager. I  
wish to say to the two girls—you of the light hair and you of the dark—  
after this do not be so greedy with your discoveries, because it's of no  
use whatever. You will be sure to be found out sooner or later.

Margaret Becher—"Leehigh—lee ho— —lee high—lee low!! Oh! by  
the way, what does that sound like?"







## LOCALS.

The custom of having each class in turn entertain the rest of the school has been instituted this year, and, in accordance with this idea, the "gay young Sophomores" helped us to have a most enjoyable time All Hallows' Eve. By eight o'clock an expectant audience had assembled, and presently a gipsy band danced out to the accompaniment of a weird march, which they played on Zoboos, and took their places in the orchestra pit. Then the curtain went up on "The Modern and Mediaeval Drama of Mary Jane and Benjamin." This was a shadow play, setting forth most touchingly the courtship of the said Benjamin and Mary Jane. Between the acts the gipsy band rendered appropriate selections with fine effect, concluding with the Wedding March from Lohengrin, as the drama came to a satisfactory close with the marriage of the much-endearing lovers. After this happy ending, the guests were ushered out to the Gymnasium, which had been simply but effectively decorated with great bunches of ferns and Oregon grape and vines of various sorts. At the far end of the hall a Jack-o'-lantern mounted guard over table, decorated in orange and dark green, and loaded with good things to eat. Among the greens in various parts of the room other Jack-o'-lanterns grinned down on the festivities. After a few moments spent in admiring these decorations, the guests joined in peanut races and the other diversions sacred to Hallowe'en. Following these came a grand march, led by the orchestra; then refreshments were served by the Sophomores, apples, cider and peanuts being served on dustpans, and doughnuts on witches' sticks. After this repast, the hunt for the ring began, but was ended all too soon by Ethel Norman, who was the lucky finder. A little

dancing, interrupted by the Seniors' mock "Spade" procession, followed, and closed a most delightful evening.

Miss Mills chaperoned Misses Soe and Veral Smith, Bess Hutton, Sadie Ramsay, Corinne Nolan, Alice King and Evelyn Catterson to "The Alaskan." Although the company was said to be amateur, the girls enjoyed the play very much.

The teachers of the musical department of the Seminary gave a very entertaining recital on Wednesday night, November 20. Miss Hard, the vocal teacher, rendered a number of solos which showed her remarkable talent and splendid voice. The instrumental teachers, Miss Pyles and Miss Hoge, gave us some beautiful piano solos, which everyone enjoyed. Prof. Bull's artistic interpretation won the admiration of everyone.

The program is as follows:

- 1 *Sonata, Op. 13 (First movement)* . . . . . *Beethoven*  
Nelle R. Pyles
- 2 *Legende* . . . . . *Wieniawski*  
Olof Bull
- 3 *Songs from Tennyson's Auld* . . . . . *Whelpley*
  - a Birds in the High Hall-Garden.
  - b Go Not Happy Day.
  - c I Have Led Her Home.
Dora M. Hard
- 4 a *Berceuse* . . . . . *Chopin*  
b *Aufschwung (Soaring)* . . . . . *Schumann*  
Margaret C. Hoge
- 5 *Mazurka, Op. 19* . . . . . *Wieniawski*  
Mr. Bull
- 6 *Aria, Roberto, o tu che-adoro* . . . . . *Meyerbeer*  
Miss Hard
- 7 *Waltz, Op. 19, No. 3* . . . . . *Moszkowski*  
Miss Pyles

Saturday evening, December the seventh, the Junior Prom was held in the gymnasium. The Junior class entertained in honor of the



Seniors. The room was most artistically decorated with Japanese ferns, lanterns and chrysanthemums, carrying but the colors of the two classes. From a bower of green, punch was served by two of the Sophomore class, dressed as dainty Japanese maids. The music was splendid, everyone had a glorious time and the hours flew all too quickly. The class of 1909 is to be congratulated on the success of the affair.

On December fifth the faculty of the Music department gave a most enjoyable tea in Miss Pylés' room. Delightful refreshments were served and entertainment was furnished from unexpected sources. A most hilarious zobo concert was rendered.

In honor of finding of the spade, Miss Edith den Bleyher entertained the Seniors at her home, Monday afternoon, November 4th.





Love in her eyes, oh exstacy!  
 My heart leaps with a hope divine.  
 Love in her eyes, but not for me,  
 She sees an icecream soda sign.

—Ex.

We seldom find a more cleverly written story than "On and Off a Street Car" in the Orderly.

The Freshman number of the "H. S. Journal," Mancelena, is, at first glance, a very appropriate color, but after reading the paper through, we came to the conclusion that the Feshies are not so green, after all.

"A Freshman's Revenge," in the Oracle, is a very interesting story.

There was a young lady named Molly  
 Who ran like the deuce for a trolley.  
 To zeal she proved martyr,  
 For snap went her shoestring,  
 And of mortification died Molly.—Ex.

"The World," St. Paul, is the best illustrated of any of our exchanges. Its stories and articles are all good, too.

"A Silent Interview," "The Trials fo a Young Author," and "Waiting," in the . . . gontz Mosaic were all well worth reading.



For a first attempt, "The Spirit," Seattle, is certainly fine. The Hallowe'en cuts add greatly to its attractiveness.

Here's to love and unity  
Dark corners and opportunity.

"Canus" contains some excellent material, and the cuts at the heads of the various departments are very appropriate, particularly the exchange cut.

"The H. S. Hustler" is a bright, breezy paper, and its story, "The Old Violin," is very well written.

'Tis wrong for any maid to be  
Abroad at night alone.  
A chaperon she needs 'till she  
Can call some chap her own.—Ex.

"Spectator 637," in the "Russ," is worthy of the great Mr. Addison himself. We enjoyed it very much.

It is a pity that the "K. I. Review" should lack an exchange column on account of football, but the football season will soon be over, so we hope for better things. However, the rest of the paper has not suffered from the same cause.

I rose up in a car one day  
To give a girl my seat.  
'Twas a question whether she or I  
Should stand upon my feet.—Ex.

Our nearest neighbor, "The Tahoma," was very late in coming, but it was worth waiting for. The baby-pictures of the football heroes are certainly the most amusing things we have seen this year.

The professional humorist was having his shoes shined.

"My boy, what does your father do?" he asked the bootblack.

"Father's a farmer," answered the boy.

"Oh," murmured the humorist, "he makes hay while the son shines."

—Ex.

"The Whitworthian" contains plenty of good personals. A cover of milder hue would improve the paper greatly.

My Bonnie lies under the auto.

My Bonnie swears under the car.

Please send to the garage for someone,

For it's lonesome 'up here where I are.—Ex.

Football stories are plentiful this season. About the best of them is 'A Result of the Game That Was Not Published,' in "The Maroon."

"I cannot give," he sadly said,

Even a yacht to you."

"Well," she said, "I'm sorry, but

A little smack will do."—Ex.







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 202 St. Helens

## DAVE GROSS

940-942 C STREET

Coats, Suits, Waists and Furs for Misses.

Sole Agents for the famous Piccadilly suits and coats.

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**MATCHLESS**

KNIT

Stockings are good stockings, don't require darning all the time.

25c and 50c a pair.

**CHRISTOFFERSEN, CAMPION & CO.**

Dry Goods and Women's Furnishings.

Corner C and 9th Sts.

## Washington Hardware Co.

Is the best place to buy  
 Scissors, Pearl and Tor-  
 toise Handled Pocket  
 Knives, Manicure Sets,  
 Roller Skates and a thou-  
 sand other useful things  
 for Xmas Gifts. \* \*

**928 PACIFIC AVENUE**

## Roberts Brothers

**GROCERS**

Manufacturers and Retailers of

**PURE FOOD PRODUCTS**

Fancy Groceries

Fine Fruits and Vegetables

"Own Baking" Bread, Cakes & Pastry

**Roberts Brothers,**

811-13 DIVISION AVE.



**When You Want  
Something  
Nice**

Either in  
FANCY GROCERIES  
FANCY DELICATESSEN  
OR  
FANCY BAKERY GOODS

You will find ours  
a little the best

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*Wholesale and Retail*

**GROCERS**

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Butter, Flour, Catsup, Spices, Etc.*

*763 C Street  
762-764 Commerce Street  
TACOMA, WASH.*

**TACOMA TRUNK FACTORY**

G. KUEDERLE, Prop.

**TRUNKS**

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Traveling Bags, Suit Cases,  
Toilet Cases, Letter and  
Card Cases, Ladies Hand  
Bags, Etc.      •      •      •

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931 C STREET

TACOMA, WASH.

**50c      \$1.00      \$1.50      \$2.00**

Buys Cravats, Shoulder Braces, Scarf Pins, Cuff Links or Gentlemen's Gloves from our Stock. Any of these articles are appropriate Holiday Gifts,—we'd like to show you.      \*      \*      \*

## **Dickson Brothers Company**

1120-1122 Pacific Avenue



601

## **Your Leisure Hours**

Between now and Christmas can be very profitably spent with a pyrographic outfit. We carry a large line of outfits and : : :

### **Pyrographic Designs**

Boxes, Steins, Clocks, Placques, Nut Bowls and many other pretty designs are to be obtained in our stock. We also carry a large line of LEATHER for burning.



609

**Tacoma Dental and Photo Supply Co.**

THE KODAK STORE.

919 Pacific Ave.

CALIFORNIA FLORISTS

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FLORAL ARTISTS

Special attention given Wedding and Banquet Floral Designing our Specialty.

Fresh Cut Flowers—Roses, Carnations and Violets.

And Confectionery—Imported Goods.

907 PACIFIC AVE.

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**D**ON'T make your purchase of Xmas Gifts until you see our line. We have everything for Men, Women and Children to wear, at most reasonable prices.

**McCormack Bros.**

1352-54-56 Pacific Ave.

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## A Most Precious Gift

**For Slender Purses**

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Our list of Misses' Diamond Rings at \$2.50, \$5.00, \$10 and up will prove especially interesting.

Ladies' Tiffany Diamond Rings at \$25, \$50, \$75 and up for the more fortunate. DIAMOND CASE FREE with each diamond purchase.

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**Geo. J. Chapman Co.**

902 C Street, Tacoma Theatre Bldg.





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**BUY YOUR CHRISTMAS WANTS  
AT THE "ARCADE"**

A large and well selected stock of novelty goods specially suited for Xmas Gifts now on display. HEADQUARTERS for best values in Dry Goods, Cloaks, Suits and Millinery, and Boys' and Men's Furnishings.

**THE ARCADE**

J. F. MURPHY, PROP.

Corner 13th and C Streets

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*Vaughan & Morrill Co.*

*926 Pacific Avenue*

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*Fine Stationery and Engraving, Monograms  
and Die Stamping, Wedding Invitations and  
Announcements, Visiting Cards. All Our  
Work is Done in Tacoma. :: :: ::*

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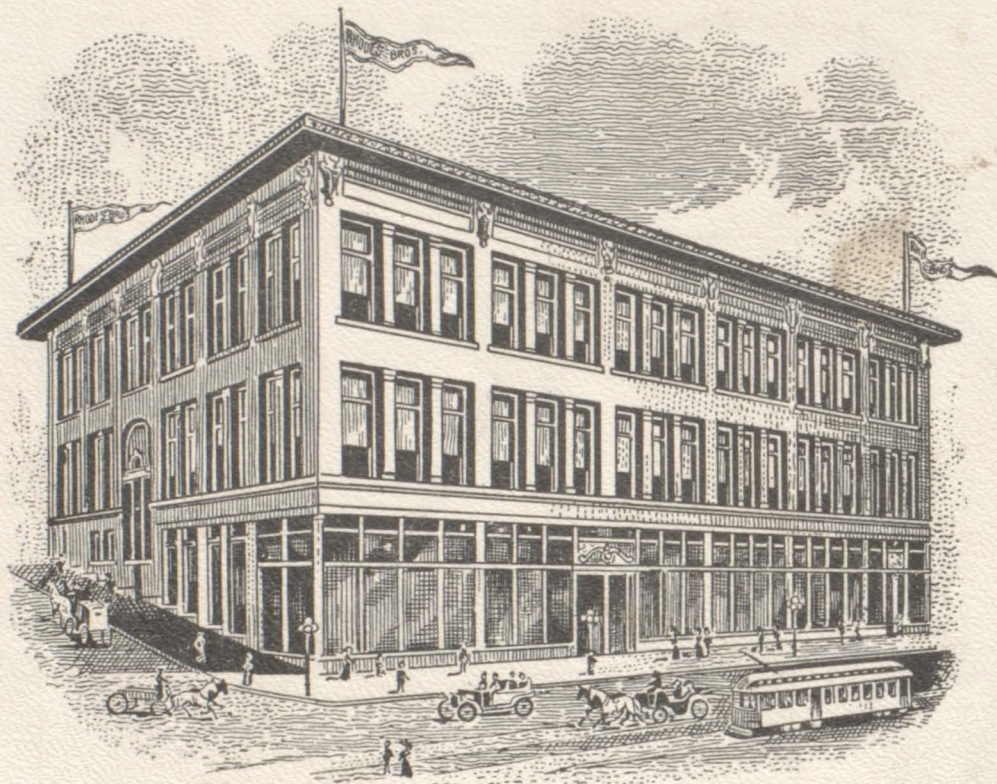
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*926 Pacific Avenue*



# RHODES BROTHERS

The Home of Santa Claus



Our store is stocked with Christmas Presents for every member of every family. // // Everybody is invited to our GREAT CHRISTMAS DISPLAY. //

## A Merry Christmas to All!

Vaughan & Morrill Printing Co., Tacoma